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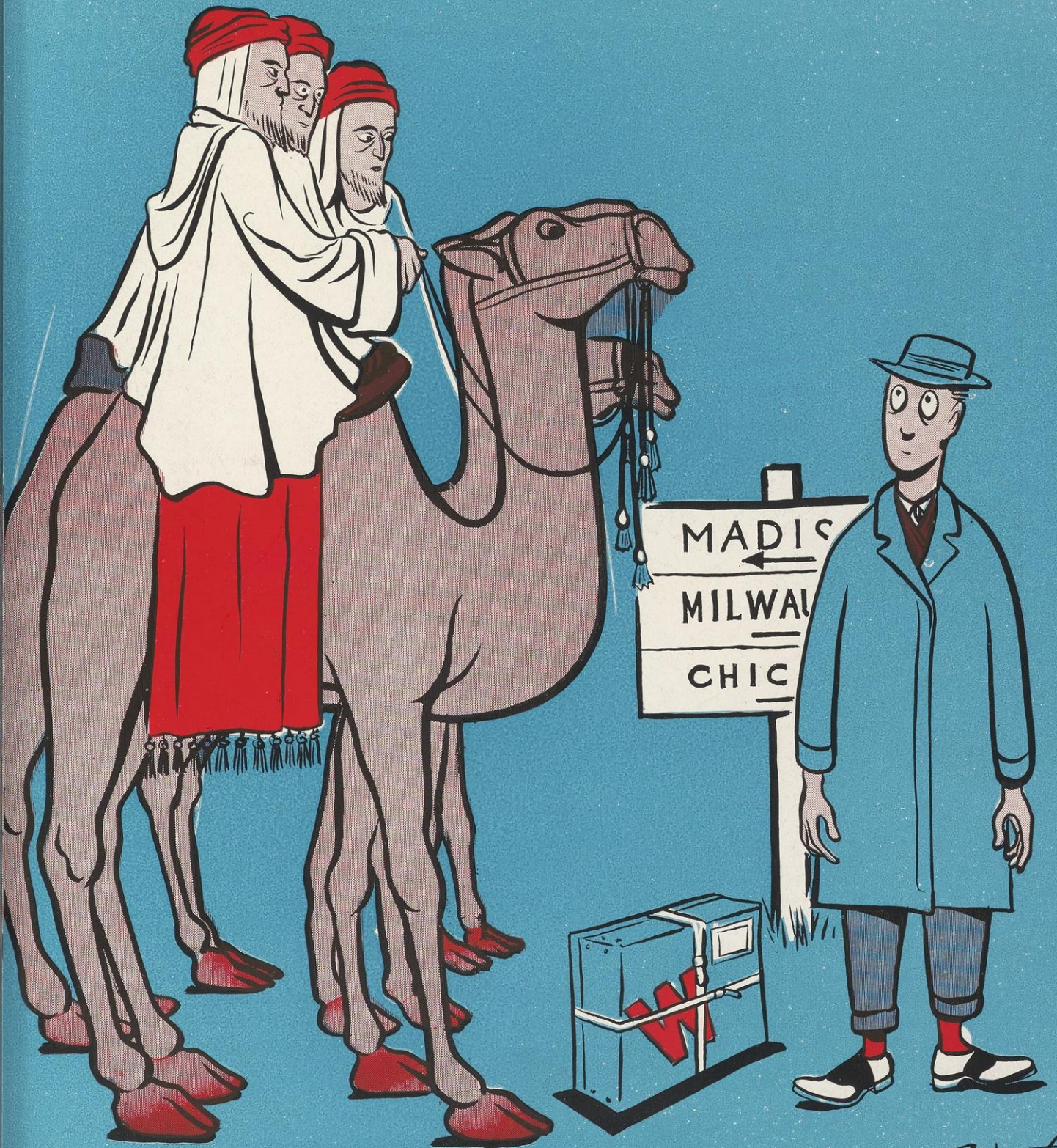
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The Wisconsin OCTOPUS



Wurtz

December

15 Cents

CAMELS

PRINCE ALBERT

Give Camels for Christmas—for Camel is the cigarette that's particularly welcome. Especially in this gay gift package below. Contains 4 boxes of the popular flat fifties. Easy to get—a right gift. Your dealer has it.

Season's Greetings

On Christmas—perfect for pipe-smokers—this handsome Christmas-wrapped tin of Prince Albert, the mild, rich-tasting, cool-burning tobacco. Be sure to get this holiday "special."

Here's another famous Camel Christmas gift—10 packs of "20's"—200 mild, flavorful Camels—colorfully wrapped, ready to give. A perfect gift. Ask for Camels in the Christmas carton!

CAMELS

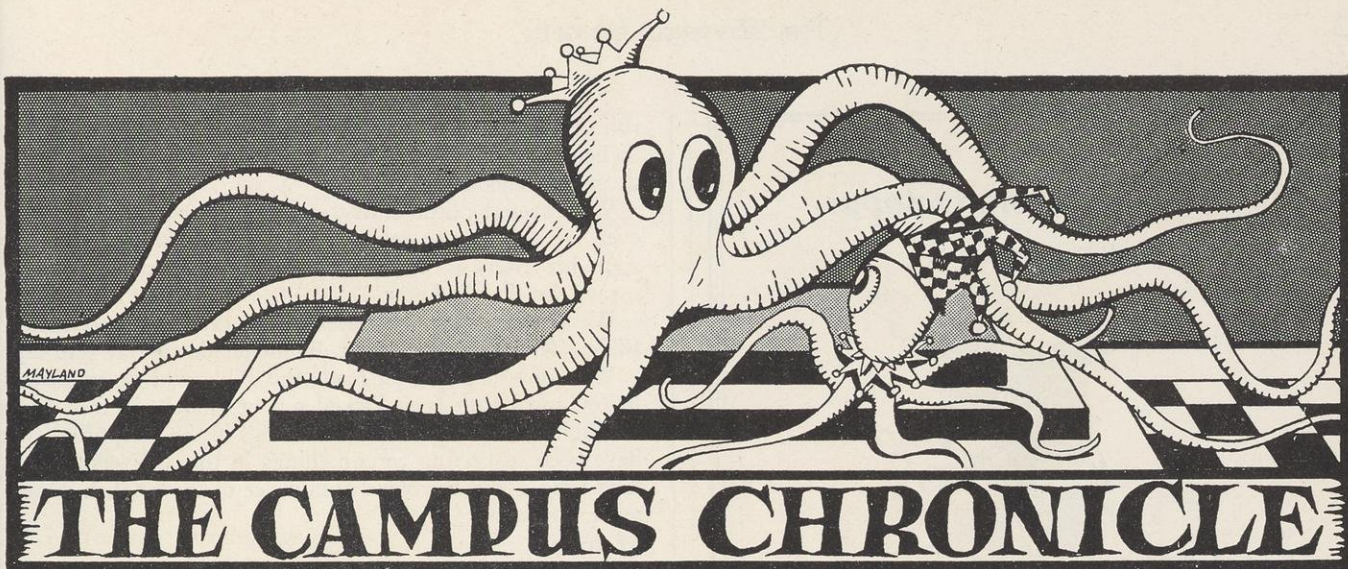
● For those who prefer cigarettes, give Camels and you can be sure your gift will be appreciated. For more smokers prefer slower-burning Camels than any other cigarette. They are the cigarette of costlier tobaccos that gives more pleasure in every puff. Your dealer is featuring Camels for Christmas in the two handsome packages shown above. Easy to get—perfect to receive. Yes, there's nothing like Camels to say: "Happy holidays and happy smoking."

PRINCE ALBERT

● No problem about those pipe-smokers on your gift list! You just can't miss when you give them a big, long-lasting one-pound of the world's most popular smoking tobacco—Prince Albert! (Or a one-pound real glass humidor.) Pipe-smokers call Prince Albert the National Joy Smoke. They say: "There's no other tobacco like it!" Your local dealer has Prince Albert's Christmas-wrapped "specials" on display now! Get your Prince Albert gifts *today!*

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Gifts that are sure to please in beautiful Christmas wrappers



THE TINKLE of bells and the flurry of snow flakes ushers in another Christmas season. A jolly season this. When some fellows stuff and pad their red jackets, polish up their boots, don white, moth-eaten whiskers, stand on street corners jingling bells and confusing little children who thought there was only *one* Santa Claus.

When everyone feels the thrill of happy anticipation as he crinkles red tissue paper, winds silky ribbons, and wilfully discolors his tongue licking seals.

When mailmen trudge the slippery streets like beasts of burden, gladly, enjoying the joy they leave at every door. When certain of the children on the crowded streets press their noses against cold panes of glass watching with sparkling bug-eyed intensity the toy train zip in and out of tunnels. When certain of the children join in the infectious enthrallment the package-laden elders feel as they scurry, muffled and mittened, out of this store and into that. When certain of the children, joy bursting out in squeals and yips, caper bizarrely from the lighted streets, home, across the town, where they find less joy, where they are hurt and puzzled that, when they have awakened from dreams filled with reindeer and tinsel, they find only a dime store doll before the cold fire place, but where they are glad to be, happy that they are not completely forgotten.

Christmas is the season of children. You, the street corner Santa Claus, the package wrapper, the mailman, yes—even tasse-hatted Octy, with his silly Christmas grin—are all filled with the spirit of children awaiting the holidays.

About Letters

A friend of ours tells this story about a dorm boy named Joe. Joe of the breed that comes to Wisconsin "to learn something." Joe who said, "the hell with wimmin'." Joe who read newspapers very, very critically.

One day a while ago Joe read a letter from an M.D. in the Vox Pop column of the Milwaukee Journal. The Doc's letter kicked up quite a fuss about "communistic" activities undermining the University's reputation for dignified education and things.

And Joe got hot under the collar. He shot a letter in to the Journal telling the medico just exactly how wet and warped he was.

Then a beautiful Marquette gal wrote to Joe. She thought his letter was simply marvelous. Joe answered. She wrote again. Joe's misogynism began to wobble.

Then she sent Joe a big, expensive, beautiful picture of herself. Now their letters get signed "love."

Joe doesn't study as much now. His political interests have waned. But he's got a new idea of the value of the press.

Things We Like About This Time of Year:

1. The snow-cap that sits on the end of Lincoln's nose.
2. The excitement of trying to conduct a date safely to the top of the snow-laden ski-slide on moonless nights.
3. Jumping back onto the curb when a Madison bus comes sliding sideways to a stop at a street corner.
4. Throwing snowballs in the windows of Ann Emery.
5. The feeling of slushy snow oozing up through the thin soles of our saddle shoes.
6. The envy we feel for the guy who stands on the little horse-pulled snow plow that cleans the sidewalks on the hill.
7. The dreams of Sunday night about classes being called off on Monday because everyone is trapped by a 40-foot snowfall.

8. The feeling of fulfilled satisfaction as we hear the steam suddenly hiss into the radiators in Bascom.

9. The smug feeling we get when, after getting up at 7:50 for an 8 o'clock, the professor interrupts his lecture, smiles benevolently down at us, and says, "Because of the slippery sidewalks and bad weather, we'll have to pardon lateness as an unavoidable act of God."

This could go on forever, but you get the general idea. We *like* this time of year.

Expose!

Yesterday we received a letter saying:

"Please help bring more of Religion that is American, and more Bible reading, so necessary

to right living into our Wisconsin public schools. The Constitution, Art. I, Sec. 3 and Art. 10, Sec. 3 allow that. But a



The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin



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Vol. XXII

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Number 4

ruling of Supreme Court, fifty years ago which, lawyers say
 "whether right or wrong is the law prohibits use of a Bible
 in public schools."

We shivered a little at first glance. At second glance, how-
 ever, we went out to get a coke. Whatever Mr. Gower, who
 signs his letters as "An American farmer from away back,"
 means we do not know.

We think maybe the Constitution says we can read the
 Bible. This is okay with us, but what do the lawyers say?

We know a guy who reads the Bible and he is a swell
 fellow and hasn't been kicked out of school. In fact, once,
 in English, we were assigned readings in the Scriptures. We
 have been suspecting certain things in this University for a
 long time, —but the blaze impudence of the English depart-
 ment shocks us.

Matches

When we asked for a packet of matches at the Union
 Desk, the other day, we were told that they cost two for a
 cent.

First we were indignant. We flashed our fee-card and
 said, "Look! I'm a member!" It was a good idea but it
 didn't seem to change the man any, so—finding we lacked
 the penny—we turned away to accost a bystander for a light.

"Wait a minute," said the fellow in charge.

We turned to find him fumbling in his own pocket.

"Here, let me light your cigarette."

We obliged and heard him explain how he was also *only*
 a student here and that he had to carry out orders whether
 he wanted to or not. The Union, he claimed, was spending
 a lot of money for matches and couldn't afford to give them
 away anymore.

We thanked him and went our way with a warm feeling
 inside as we admired the stately marble halls.

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This I Suspect

Ah! Little corner of type!
Mine! All mine!

What shall I say in you this morning?

How sweet the sunlight is on the geraniums. Like life itself.
Do you ever think about life? I do. Clarence Schoenfeld does. I asked him.

Clarence Schoenfeld found it under a bookcase. I found it when the sun went down palely over the glooming lake.

Have you?

Try. You can. It might be fun.

This morning the little otter who sits on my typewriter carriage said to me: "What for?"

I couldn't.

I didn't know.

It is all the undercurrent of this teeming life. It ebbs and flows about the hill. It is behind the faces if only.

Is it for bull sessions? Or Aristotle? Or something you can't quite put? I don't know. Maybe you do. Clarence Schoenfeld does.

You don't have to read this if you don't want to. It's about beautiful.
—I.T.

Fantasy

OVER the sea the white moon glows,
And the waves pull seaweed through their toes;
The whales and the seals and the fishes dance,
The mermen sing, and the seahorses prance;
The stars play hide-and-seek in the swirls,
While the mermaids comb their golden curls.
And over the sea steals a faery boat
Blown by the winds which around it float;
And ever and ever the silk sail gleams,
Lighting the way to the land of dreams.
—M.E.H.



WE ARE EXTENDING—

our \$3.00 rate deadline through Saturday, December 14th! This is for your convenience and saving in placing gift orders . . . Name in gold included . . .

GIVE A BADGER



THIS YEAR'S
BADGER INCLUDES:

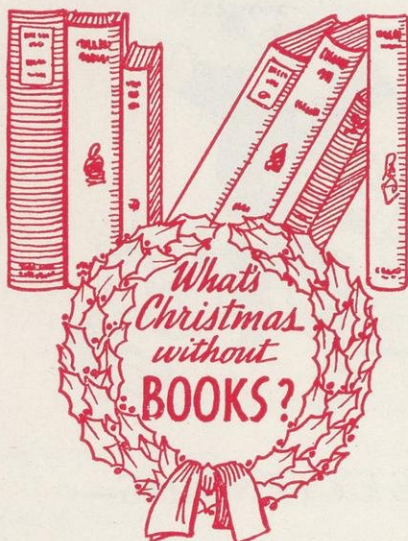
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THE
1941
BADGER

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A big new stock of handsome jewelry, all with the the Wisconsin seal.

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Genuine leather zipper cases in many styles and sizes. Names FREE on those selling for \$2.50 or more.

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Sheaffer made Clipper pens with oversize platinum plated 14 kt. Gold nibs.

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Parker and Sheaffer quality pens in handsome bases. \$1.95 to \$12.50.

FREE! Names in 14 kt. Gold on pens selling for \$1.95 or more.



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Printed with your name

\$1.00 and up 20 to 50 cards and envelopes per box

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Individual Cards

3c, 2 for 5c to 50c each

Madison's finest selection of more than 500 distinctive, new designs. Lots of humorous, relative, and special cards to choose from, too.

Boxed Assortments

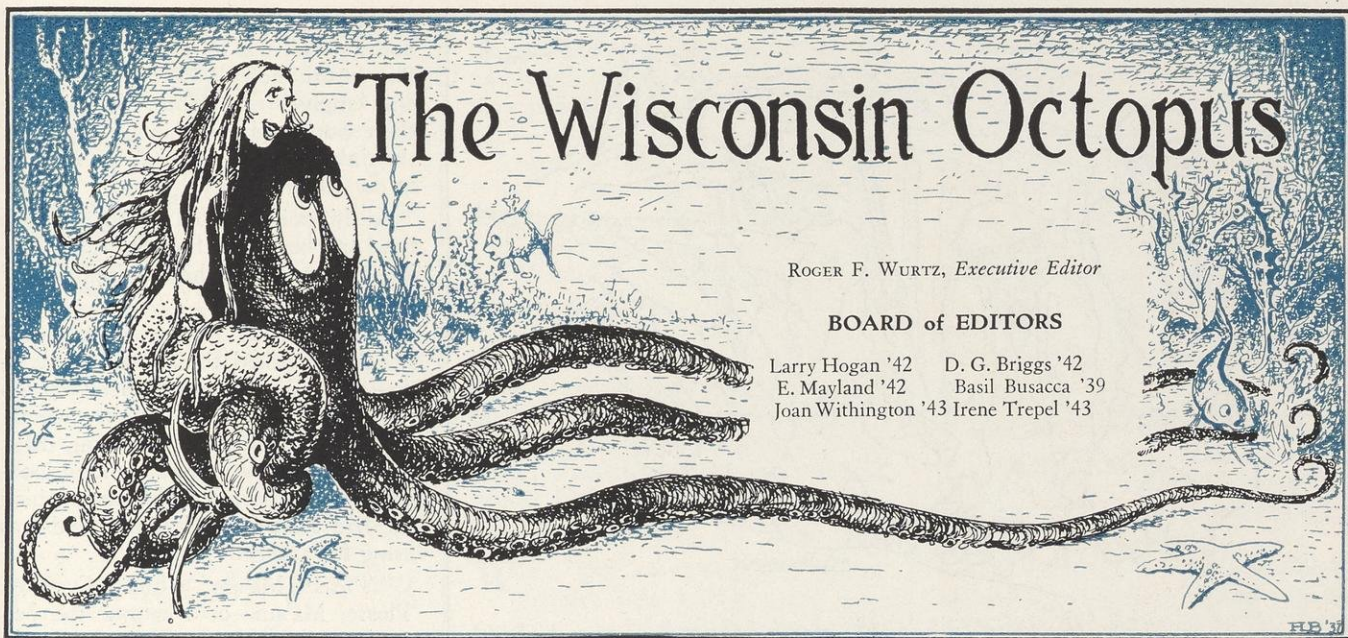
19c to \$1.50 12 to 25 cards and envelopes per box

19 big-value boxes of colorful cards in a variety of styles and designs.

BROWN'S BOOK SHOP

State at Lake Street

Open evenings until Christmas beginning Saturday, December 7



Volume XXII

DECEMBER, 1940

Number 4

On Second Thought



NOW THAT the last football game is well past, we may turn our attention to other sports. Wisconsin, we proudly note, turned back the Minnesota varsity . . . at debating.

Because of President Dykstra's connection with Selective Service, which Roosevelt declares is to strengthen American neutrality, the University refuses to permit meetings of the Youth Committee Against War to be held here. That leaves us neutral about everything but neutrality.

New Nazi-Rumania trade agreement gives Germany control of Rumanian farms, industries, transportation, and products. Hitler can now match the stockyards boast about getting all the pig but the squeal . . .

Though we loaned it \$160,000,000 for the purpose, China's only new move to stop Japan has been the offering of a large reward for the corpse of the boss of the new Jap-blessed Nanking government. Mightn't it have been cheaper to lend Gary Cooper?

Tradition is trembling this month under the impact of two feet of snow and sub-zero temperature. If this sort of thing continues, Winter Carnival may have to be held this year.

Wendell Willkie told a national convention of fraternity men that the great need of today is Unity. Wisconsin Greeks were an amen corner.

The T. B. microbe, in a new Disneyesque health movie, cracks, "We germs raise big families." Good enough propaganda, it seems to us—the line's a straight steal from Hitler.

Time blames Wisconsin's *Babbitt* English department for the Lewis hegira. Can the pedant be mightier than the pen?



"Ho hum, same old grind."

The London *Times*, we read, didn't print that its own building was bombed until five days after the incident. We await news of Nazi reprisals for this outlandish snub.

United Press reports that colleges are making aviation a varsity sport. Any morning now your Cardinal will read, "Phi Delt blitzkreig ATOs in Intramural Sky Bout."

Mysterious \$3,000,000 shipments of gold to the United States have ended suddenly. Maybe the sender saw a Jesse James movie.

A University of Texas instructor named Dorothy has suggested that professors brighten their lectures up by the use of slang. "Shag to the board, Dot, and make with pictures till we catch the drift."

Women, according to new census figures, live an average three years longer than men. Let's have no more nonsense about "the weaker sex."

Now that the years-end vacation is here the student body can hole-up in the library for its annual two weeks of term-paper-writing. That gag about merry Christmas goes only for professors.
—B. B.



"See, the king size is this much longer."

Foiled



lawn one frosty morning.

"It isn't Thanksgiving, stupid!" they chorused. "It's Christmas, and don't bother. We've heard your stories before."

"You shall hear a Christmas story from me then," I said good-naturedly, slapping the smallest of the children so that her teeth rattled. "So settle down now, and no grumbling."

What a flurry and scurry there was to get to the door before I locked it! But soon we were all settled about the crackling fire, except Clarice, who had thrown herself into the grate just for fun.

"Well," I began, "There was once upon a time a poor little girl."

"I heard this one," said Morton, beginning to whimper. "I want to go out and eat some snow."

"The snow is not dirty enough to eat yet," I said, patting him on his head, which was totally bald. "You could not have heard *this* story. It is known only to princes of the royal blood. I overheard it while eavesdropping in back of Versailles one day."

"This poor little girl," I began again, "was wandering around the streets of

the village on Christmas Eve. It was bitterly cold out, and snow blanketed the ground. The beautiful white flakes had been floating lazily from the sky for three days, and they still drifted down. Everybody was getting sick of the snow, especially the poor little girl. By the way, we shall call her Dorothy, for that was her name."

"This is probably the most excruciatingly boring experience I have ever been through," said Lucy, who had not been heard from before, having just been born.

"If you will shut your mouth for two minutes," I replied, shutting it for her, "We will get to the exciting part very soon. In fact, we are there right now. It seems that Dorothy had shoes on, and was not selling matches. That is where the real climax of the story comes in. At least, that is where it was supposed to come in. Well, (here I glanced at my watch) it's only two o'clock. We'll wait until twenty after, and if it isn't in by then, we'll go."

I paused a moment to light my pipe and, after playfully burning Clarice with the match, continued.

"THIS little girl, who was wearing shoes and was *not* selling matches, was not a very agreeable child. In fact, she was pretty awful. At least, that is the way her parents described her—'Pretty awful,' they would say. 'Yes sir, pretty awful.'"

"As this disagreeable child wandered through the icy streets on Christmas

Eve, she stopped before a beautiful house which was all aglow with lights. She heard merry voices from within, and laughter rang out. Occasionally there was a loud explosion, followed by the tinkle of glass, but that has nothing to do with the story."

At this point Morton lay down on the floor and began to choke himself. Paying no attention to his exhibitionism, I continued.

"Dorothy could not stand it any longer. She knocked timidly on the window, which immediately caved in. As she poked her head, with its mass of tangled, unhealthy looking hair, through the glass, she saw a kind looking lady seated before a piano, which she had turned upside down and was using for a harp.

"Please, Ma'am," whined Dorothy. "Please, Ma'am—or whatever the hell your name is—can't you give me nothing for Christmas? I ain't got no presents yet."

"The lady looked at her with a cold sneer, and answered, 'You must be pretty dull to think this is Christmas. It's April the 18 and, what's more, that isn't snow on the ground either. It's cherry blossoms.'"

"And that is the end of my story. At least, that is the last I know of it. It may be that little Dorothy has grown up and is living in this very town today, God forbid!"

I looked around to the children for approval. They were all fast asleep on my lap, like little cherubs. With a smile of indulgence I pushed them off onto the floor and went out to scare up a fourth for bridge.

—I. T.

Pome

Consider:

The sad case
Of the gene
Which has never been found
To exist
But is strongly suspected
Of being.

Also consider:

How it must
Embarrass
The chromosome
Which exists to contain
The gene
Which has never been found
To exist
But is strongly suspected
Of being.

—P. B.

For Whom the Bells Toll



OLIVE SCHULTZ, formerly an unfortunate student of the University of Wisconsin, am writing this melancholy paper in my dole-

ful cell in the Bastille on the other side of Lake Mendota. I write it in stolen intervals and under every difficulty. I keep it hidden in a place in the wall where some of the padding has come out. Some pitying hand may find it there when I and my sorrows are dust. I know from terrible warnings that my reason will soon leave me, but I solemnly swear (or affirm) that everything herein is true.

I lived at Elizabeth Waters, and it was the bell system that did this to me. First I had trouble learning the code. They ring once if your name comes before your roommate's, but if your roommate's comes first they ring her once and you twice except in the first case when they ring *her* twice. Then when they've decided on the roommate they ring once for a telephone call, three for talk back to the desk, and two if by sea.

So if your bell goes bing pause bing it means the roommate with the first name has a telephone call, and if it goes bing pause bing bing bing it means she has got to talk back to the desk unless the operator has made a mistake and bing bing pause bing bing bing when she meant bing bing pause bing bing, and this often happened because the operators had trouble with it, too.

Once our bell went stark raving mad and bing bing bing ping pause bing bing bing bing bong bang bloo blilllll—

FINALLY, my roommate and I beat the system as much as it could be beat. First we'd push in the little button that pops out when the binger bongs and say, "This is Olive Schultz or Helen Dogenhead, as the case may be." If we got no results we tore to a telephone and said, "Is there a call for Pat Pecksniff, Helen Highwater, Joan Panbottom, Betty Bissel, Roberta Schmidt, or Olive Schultz?" That took in our room and the rooms on either side in case the operator was off one as she sometimes was when her finger slipped.

Then when the operator said, "Sorry, we have no call for you," we put on a

skirt and went to the desk where, if the girl had no recollection of any action in our neck of the woods, we knew they had been testing the machinery again.

About the third week in September I had a date. Nay, more, there was even hope for another sometime in November with this person whom we shall call Waldemar Glutz, for various reasons among which is the fact that that is his name.

Our friendship was a tender thing to be cherished like a white orchid, (six bucks at Rentschler's). It wouldn't stand up under much discouragement. Naturally I wanted to be around when he called. In fact for a while I hardly got to a single class.

WELL, one evening the bungler bonged, bing bing pause bing, meaning you have a phone call, Miss Schultz. Go to the nearest phone booth. That is all.

I went to the nearest booth. Someone was using it. I ran to the next unit. The line was busy. I tore down a

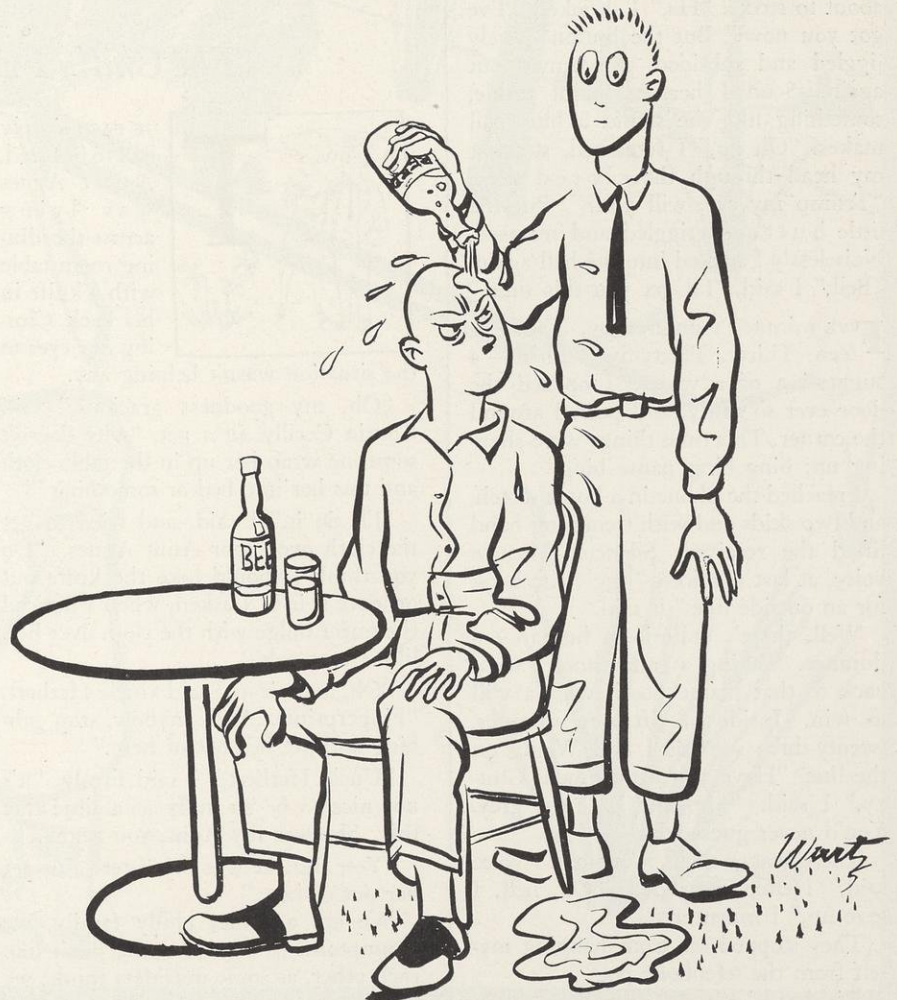
flight. Someone was waiting for a long distance call. At last I ended up with a phone four units from home base.

I gasped my name and heard the operator say, "Sorry, your party has left the line." Then everything went black. I may have hung up the receiver; I may have torn it out by the roots. At any rate my next coherent impression was that of seeing my roommate bending over me wringing her hands which contained a wet washcloth and from time to time giving me intravenous injections of cambric tea.

NEXT day I decided to call Waldy. Fourteen times I tried and each time all the lines were busy. I couldn't even get outside, and I hadn't had a breath of fresh air for days.

That evening I lit on a new plan of attack. I posted my roommate in the room and I made camp in the phone booth.

Towards 10:30 when my sensory endings were practically sticking out through my skin, my roomie walked down the hall for a drink, and on her



"Damn you, McBrotowitch!"

way back casually mentioned to me, "By the way, you have a call." With all the tranquility, calmness, leisure, and deliberation I could muster I got off the floor in such a way that I found myself wearing the shelf, on which the telephone reposed like a collar. Betty handed me the phone and in five minutes I had my party on the line. "Hello," I breathed.

"Hello, Olive, this is the house. There will be song practice tomorrow." Silently I hung up and began to pick the slivers out of my neck.

The following day I decided what the hell, and went to a class. On returning I found our binger had bonged and the button was out. Nonetheless I went to an exam that afternoon. When I came back the banger had bungled. However I went down to supper. On re-entering the boggler had boogled. "All right," I thought—I was doing a lot of thinking these days—"I'll give you tit for tat." Softly I crawled out into the hall and put my ear to the door.

I heard a faint scratching like a clock about to strike. "Ha," I shrieked, "I've got you now." But the button merely jiggled and subsided. I wormed out again. Soon I heard a faint tinkle, something like the sound a blue bell makes. "Oh ho," I screamed, sticking my head through the closed door, "Trump my ace, will you?" But the little button wriggled and relapsed. Noiselessly I snaked into the hall again. "Bell," I said, "I'll get you this time."

FIVE minutes sauntered by. Ten. Fifteen. Thirty. Thirty-five. Then—a suggestion of a whirr. I opened the door ever so softly, and peered around the corner. This time things were shaping up: bing bing pause bing.

I reached the phone in a hop a scotch, and two skids and with trembling hand lifted the receiver. Silence. Then a voice, at last a voice—"Jiggle the hook for an outside line," it said.

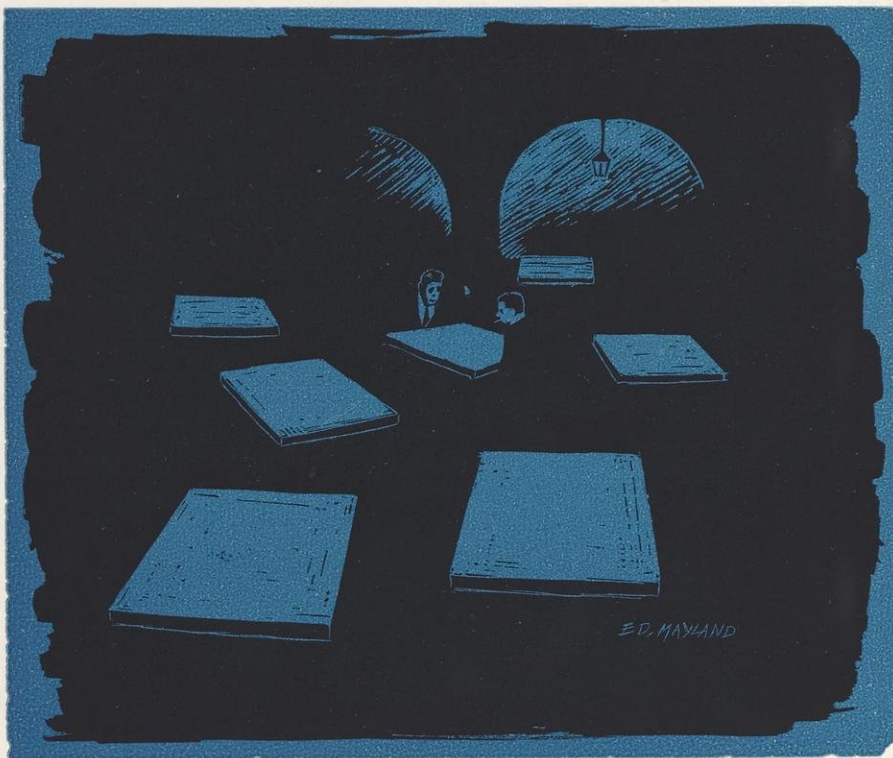
Well, there's a limit to human endurance. Taking a camp stool I went back to that phone booth with a will to win. Inside of fifty-one minutes, twenty-three seconds I had Waldy on the line. "Have you aged much, Glutzzy," I said. "My hair is iron grey. You'd never guess what—"

There was a click. A woman's voice said, "Hello, Gertrude." "Oh, hell, I give up," I murmured.

They stopped me from hanging myself from the telephone pole.

Waldemar's in the next cell.

—J. W.



"Merry Christmas, Bertrand."

The Chilly Frumpton Murders



THE FACT simply had to be faced. Aunt Agnes was lying across the dining room table with a knife in her back. Closing our eyes to the situation wasn't helping any.

"Oh, my goodness gracious," said Cousin Cecilly, in a pet, "why doesn't someone wrap her up in the table cloth and toss her into bed or something?"

"I'll do it," I said, and tried to get the cloth over poor Aunt Agnes. "Do you think I should take the knife out or leave it in?" I asked, when I noticed the queer bulge with the cloth over her, like a tent pole.

"Oh, leave it in," said Uncle Herbert. "Fingerprints. And, anyhow, stop gabbing and get her out of here."

"Uncle Herbert," I said firmly, "it's not nice to be so huffy at a time like this. She was my Aunt, you know."

"Yes, and she was my sister. But get her out of here."

We are a rather chilly family, we Frumptons. It's not that we don't like each other, as some outsiders think; we just don't see much point in making a fuss over things.

Just then there was a knock at the door.

"The police, no doubt," said Cousin Cecilly.

"I do hope the chief inspector or whatever you call him will be nice," said my neice Geraldine, who had just come downstairs.

"He'll probably be quite a character, dear," I said.

And indeed he was a character. A rather scholarly-looking gentleman, the inspector was. He was wearing heavy hornrimmed glasses, a mackintosh, a Phi Beta Kappa key, and skis. He had a bushy grey beard.

"Do take off your beard, inspector," said Cousin Cecilly. "I mean your skis."

"No, do take off your mackintosh, inspector," said Uncle Herbert.

"And do take off your Phi Beta Kappa key," said I.

THE INSPECTOR looked at us all quite timidly, and at last ventured to speak. "If you don't like me to be your inspector, I'll go away and send someone else," he said. "I really won't be offended. Just tell me if you don't like me."

"Oh, sit down, sir, and don't be an ass," said Uncle Herbert. "We like you! What's your name and why are you wearing skis?"



"What happened to that Hoofers party that just went up?"



"My name is Muldoon, Patrick Muldoon," he said. "And I am wearing skiis to establish my individuality and uniqueness in this case."

"Well, Mr. Muldoon . . ." said Uncle Herbert, but the detective interrupted him.

"And please don't call me Muldoon," he said. "It's just an assumed name, anyhow, but how can I go around telling people my name is Boehm-Bawerk?"

"Oh, any relation to the Austrian economist?" asked Father, who had just come in from the pantry, where he had no doubt been into the cookie jar again.

"His son," said Mr. Boehm-Bawerk.

At this point there came a series of explosions from the left wing. "Shall we see what that was?" asked Mr. Boehm-Bawerk. He started to get up from his Morris chair.

"That's all right," said Uncle Herbert. "Geraldine will go. Run over to Greataunt Cynthia's room and see what has happened, like a good girl."

"Like hell I will," said Geraldine and went down into the cellar to shoot some quiet billiards by herself.

"Oh, I'll go," said Cecilly. In a trice she was back. "Greataunt Cynthia has been murdered," she said. "Does anyone have a cigarette?"

"Have one of mine," I said. Cynthia was about to reach for my pack when a bloodchilling scream came from the attic.

"Damn it," said Cecilly, "This time someone else can go. I'll be switched if I'm going to climb all the way up to that attic."

"That's right, dear," I said. "You've had a hard day. I'll go."

"Hurry back," said Mr. Boehm-Bawerk, "this case intrigues me. Most fascinating."

IT WAS very weird, going up the attic stairs by myself. Oh, not *very* weird, but at least a bit disturbing. The door opened with a creak, in the approved

fashion. I looked in nervously.

And there sitting by the window was the Thing.

It was just my brother George, but we always call him the Thing. George is an awful stinker, and spends much of his time sitting in the attic reading *Spicy Detectives* and *Economics of Imperfect Competition* and *The New Republic Anthology 1915: 1935*. Rather well read fellow, George.

"Did you scream, Bongo?" I asked. How George came to be called Bongo is another interesting story which you must remind me to tell you sometime.

"Why, yes," he said. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I heard you."

"Did I frighten you?"

"As a matter of fact, you did. You know Aunt Agnes has been murdered, don't you?"

"Of course. I murdered her."

"Oh, was it you? George, why did you do it?"

"The old loon threw out my back copies of *Punch* that I'd been saving since 1924."

"Reason enough," I said. "I'll go down and tell everybody."

"Bring me a glass of milk and some cookies when you come back," said George. "And, by the way," he called after me, "I shot Greataunt Cynthia, too, for stealing light bulbs from my bed lamp."

NATURALLY everyone was much interested to hear that George was the killer. Mr. Boehm-Bawerk was a bit put out. "I wish you'd let me go to see who screamed. Then I could have solved the case."

"Oh, don't worry, old fellow," said Uncle Herbert. "You'll get your fee and all that. Just send us a bill."

"Right," said Mr. Boehm-Bawerk and put on his mackintosh, skiis and Phi Beta Kappa key. He then took off his beard, his hornrimmed spectacles, and slipped his glass eyes from their sockets.

"Shall I show you to the door?" asked Cousin Cecilly.

"You'd better," he said. "I'm totally blind without my glass eyes."

"Poor old fellow," said Uncle Herbert, heading for the cellar to horse-whip Geraldine for disobedience.

But that, too, is another story.

—L. S.



... "Slow again."



Gone



GORDY NELSON whistled happily as he packed his bags for Christmas vacation. His mind was filled with thoughts

of his parents and his home as he worked. In another few hours he would be home. Home! Far away from the cold bitter existence that was University life, he could take up his childhood where he had left off in the fall.

For almost three weeks he would live the old carefree life. No books or assignments to prepare, no more shattering of his precious illusions by the hard, cynical fellows with whom he had been forced to associate at college. They could never seem to understand him. Sometimes Gordy thought college was not the proper place for him. He was different from the others, a world apart from them in everything, ambitions, ideals, morals—everything.

But that was over now and very soon he would be on his way home.

Gordy clicked his heels and saluted his reflection in the mirror—a snappy R.O.T.C. salute that his corporal would have been proud of. As he turned once again to his packing he swung into the strains of God Bless America with a little tootlety-toot variation at the end of each line. Gordy was proud of his whistling. Let the fellows at the house belittle it and see if he cared. They were only jealous because they couldn't do as well.

WHEN the train pulled into the station, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson were waiting to greet their boy back from college. However, it seemed to Gordy as though there was something strained about his welcome. Outwardly all was the same, but the intuition he had developed after reading Tarzan of the

Apes warned him that something was wrong.

Stoically he concealed his premonition and greeted his parents with the reserved dignity that befitted a college man. Whatever the trouble was, it would be revealed in time and he would be ready to meet it. He would meet it face to face without flinching as Tarzan met the charge of the mad gorilla in *Lord of the Jungle*, Chapter Seven.

All that day the feeling stayed with him. He was sure of it now. Twice during the afternoon he caught his mother looking at him with the suggestion of tears in her eyes and each time she averted her glance to avoid meeting his look.

After supper he hinted around to see if he could ferret out the cause of his parents' worry but to no avail. The self-reliant trait which made the Nelsons what they were made them reluctant to share their burden with him yet. Gordy bided his time. It would all come out eventually. Of that he felt certain.

THAT NIGHT Gordy went down to the Mission Theater with his childhood friend, little Hans Helland, president of the eighth grade, to see Gene Autry in a whiz-bang thriller. He had hardly left the house when Mr. and Mrs. Nelson sat down in the parlor to have a talk.

Mr. Nelson was grim-lipped and determined, Mrs. Nelson nervous and reluctant.

"Adelaide," said Mr. Nelson firmly, "Gordon is a freshman at college now. He is no longer a boy and will soon be a man. We have concealed this thing from him long enough. It is his right to know the truth."

"But Palmer, can't we delay a little longer—another year or two. Gordon seems so young to receive such a blow."

"No Adelaide, we must tell him now—tonight. If the boy is a true Nelson, and I believe he is—he can withstand

the shock. Oh, it may take him a while to adjust himself to the truth but we have put this matter off long enough. Further delay won't help matters any. I shall tell him tonight."

This decided, the Nelsons tuned in Charlie McCarthy and waited for their son to return.

When Gordy returned to the house he sensed the tension in the atmosphere almost immediately. He felt that Tarzan must have had the same sensations when he found himself trapped by the savage Leopard Men in *Return of Tarzan*, Chapter Twelve. However, nothing was said and he went upstairs to bed. Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Nelson came up to tuck him in as was her custom. She seemed depressed and there was pity in her eyes as she said good-night to her son.

As Mrs. Nelson left the room, Mr. Nelson came in. Instinctively, Gordy felt that now was the time. Now he would know what had been troubling his parents. And his chest swelled with pride at the realization that they appreciated his inner strength, that in time



of trouble they turned first to him. He felt ready for almost anything.

Mr. Nelson sat down on the edge of the bed.

"GORDY," he said, "I want to have a talk with you."

"Dad, I've known ever since I got back that something was wrong and I've been waiting for you to tell me about it. I want to share the burden with you and Mother."

Mr. Nelson sat silently for a moment.

"I'm afraid, son, that you're going to have to bear this burden alone. You see, there's something that Mother and I have always concealed from you but now we feel that you are growing into a man and that you are entitled to know the truth. You will have to bear up bravely, but I expect that you will. Remember that you are a Nelson, my boy."

"Whatever it may be, I am prepared to face it," Gordy declared courageously, unconsciously using the same words Tarzan had used when threatened with torture by the sadistic Mbongi cannibals. "Tell me."

Mr. Nelson bent close and whispered into the lad's ear. Gordy turned white. He struggled valiantly to control his turbulent emotions, but the ordeal was too much. He buried his stricken face in his hands and his muffled sobs filled the room. Mr. Nelson stared at the floor.

After a long interval, Gordy raised his tear-streaked face and looked at his father.

"Dad, tell me it isn't true, it can't be," he pleaded.

Mr. Nelson avoided his son's eyes. "I'm sorry, Gordon, more sorry than I can tell you. But you'll have to face it with courage. Time will dim the hurt although it can never be erased completely."

Gordy fumbled for his handkerchief and wiped his face. His decision was made. Regaining his composure he got out of bed and faced his father defiantly.

"Dad, I'm sorry but I can't believe you. No, as long as I live there is one thing in which nobody, not even you, can shake my belief. I don't know what your purpose in telling me this monstrous lie may have been, but I can never accept it as truth. I *know* otherwise. Though this difference of opinion may stand always as a barrier between us, I shall stand firm. There is a Santa Claus! Nothing can ever alter my belief in that."

—W. B.



"It happens every time I wear this camel hair coat."

Tayle



WHAT you want," said my advisor, "is a good, meaty survey of literature." I didn't want a good, meaty survey of literature at all. I wanted a flimsy two credit composition course—one of those courses where nobody knows quite what is going on, including the instructor. But my advisor intimidates me. He intimidated me into taking Geography last year. He tells me what he thinks I should take, and if I say no, he tells me all right, but I'll never be able to graduate. What can I do?

"My room-mate took a nice literature course last year," I began timidly. "Contemporary novels or something. Could I—?"

My advisor shook his head, and looked disgusted.

"Literature 33a, no doubt," he said, in a cold voice. "That isn't what I mean at all. You want English 30. You start with Chaucer, and work up."

I took it. I started with Chaucer, but I didn't work up. I didn't even work down. I'm still sort of wallowing around with the Nonne Prestes Tale. The rest of the class is ripping apart Shakespeare by now. When the Normans came over and changed the English language into something readable I missed the boat. I have to sit around with the Celts and the Pics chanting lit-

tle ditties about "Of yeddinges he bar utterly the prys."

THE first two lectures were fine. The professor told us that we were all going to have a bully time this semester reading literature for pleasure. He also told us that if we experienced any trouble we could see him privately, and he would set us straight. I could hardly wait to begin the reading.

"Start Chaucer," he said. "Read it slowly—enjoy it to the full. Feel the easy comradeship that he immediately established with his readers."

I read Chaucer slowly. I enjoyed it to the full. It certainly was beautiful. Everything was fine, except that I didn't understand it. I looked at the catalogue to make sure I hadn't stumbled into a course in Old Gaelic by mistake. But there it was—English 30.

"Well," I consoled myself, "if you don't understand it, I guess nobody else does either. Doubtless he will translate it in class tomorrow."

He didn't. He and the class talked it all over, and decided that the story was very interesting, and the theme really great. I just sat around with a vacant stare.

AFTER class I went up to the professor and asked if I could see him privately. "I've run into a little trouble," I said. "I wonder if you could set me straight."

He was very sympathetic. "What is it?" he asked.

"Well, it's sort of hard to explain," I said. "I seem to be a little foggy on the

meaning—I mean, I don't exactly understand it."

"Did you read it?" he asked.

"I read it," I answered. "That's where the trouble came in. I read it, and yet I didn't read it. Do you see?" I could see that he didn't. "Well, for instance," I continued. "What does this mean? 'This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette; Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette'."

He looked cynical.

"You can't have read it very well," he said. "Keep up with class—do your work thoroughly—and if you still have trouble, come back and see me."

FOR the next month I steeped myself in Chaucer. I read him day and

night. I could practically recite the *Canterbury Tales* by heart. But it didn't help a bit. I still didn't understand it.

I appealed to the professor again, and again I received the same answer. He was beginning to eye me with disgust. He looked on me as a slacker.

The class was up to Christopher Marlowe when I decided to do something drastic. I made another appointment with the professor. When I walked into his office I could see immediately that he was on the defensive.

"Well?" he said, belligerently.

"Eye hev loked richt wele a Chaucer," I began, "An eye yaf a certene y-feelinge thet I hadde bettern droppe y course."

"What?" he shouted. "Speak English!"

"Swiche Englysshe I y-speke," I said. "Mine speche wold been not bettere effen I wyd wolden it. Yit egin I speke it—I wold droppe y course."

He was turning purple. "Get out!" he thundered. "I haven't time for nonsense!"

"Good bye-y," I said sweetly, and left. I went to my advisor. I told him I was dropping y course. He said I couldn't. I said I could, and I did. I am taking English 106—elementary punctuation and spelling. Even that isn't too good, but it were ye-bettern asse y Chaucer.

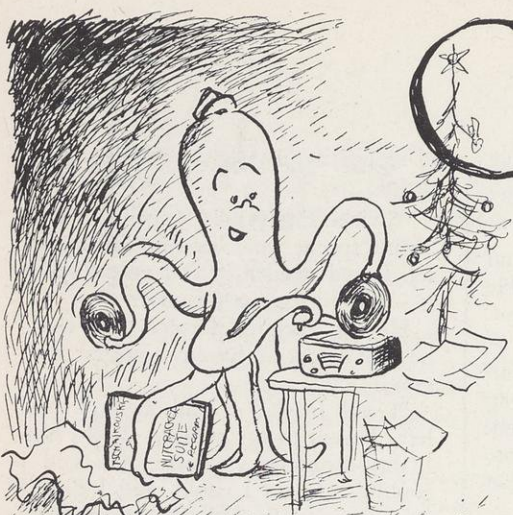
I mean, it is better than Chaucer.

—I.T.

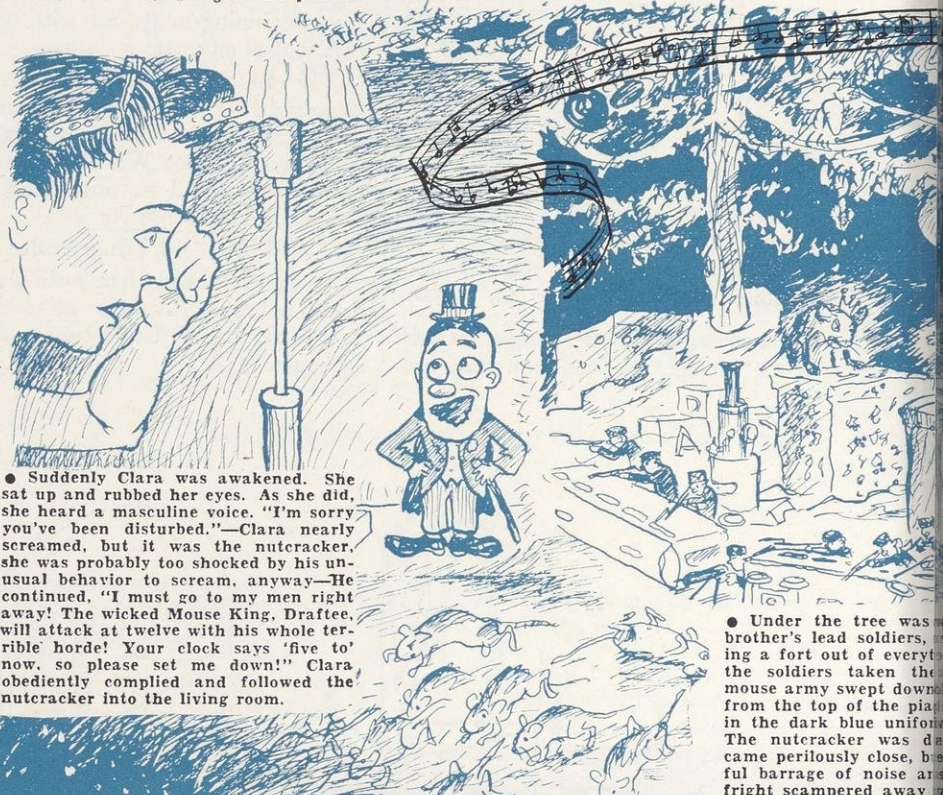


Octy's Tale of t

WHEN he found it under the Christmas tree Octy nearly turned inside out with joy. There was a handsome album of recordings, Tschaiakowski's "Nutcracker Suite." He could hardly wait to get the first record whirling on his phonograph. This done, he settled back into his favorite chair, lit his pipe, and mused. The mellow strains put him in his most placent, story-telling mood. He closed his eyes, took his pipe from his mouth, and began this pleasant little Marchen about the Nutcracker . . .



● As Clara turned off the light, on Christmas night, she glanced once more at the nutcracker. "Goodnight, silly little fellow," she said, and drifted off to the land of dreams.



● Suddenly Clara was awakened. She sat up and rubbed her eyes. As she did, she heard a masculine voice. "I'm sorry you've been disturbed."—Clara nearly screamed, but it was the nutcracker, she was probably too shocked by his unusual behavior to scream, anyway—He continued, "I must go to my men right away! The wicked Mouse King, Drafee, will attack at twelve with his whole terrible horde! Your clock says 'five to now, so please set me down!'" Clara obediently complied and followed the nutcracker into the living room.

● Under the tree was a box containing the nutcracker's lead soldiers, and the soldiers taken from the mouse army swept down from the top of the piano in the dark blue uniforms. The nutcracker was dashed came perilously close, but a full barrage of noise and a fright scampered away.

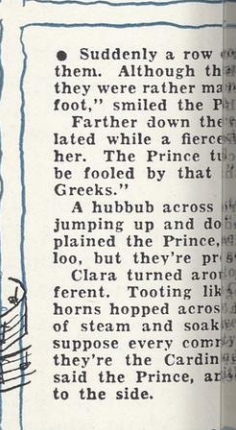


● Quick as anything, the prince had wound it up and soon they were high in the star-spangled sky. Looking down, Clara beheld an amazing sight. There, in a blaze of lights were ferris wheels, merry-go-rounds, and tents, forming a huge midway along the lake. People danced in the streets, parades moved up and down the avenue. The Prince turned and pointed, "This is my home, the happiest land on earth!"



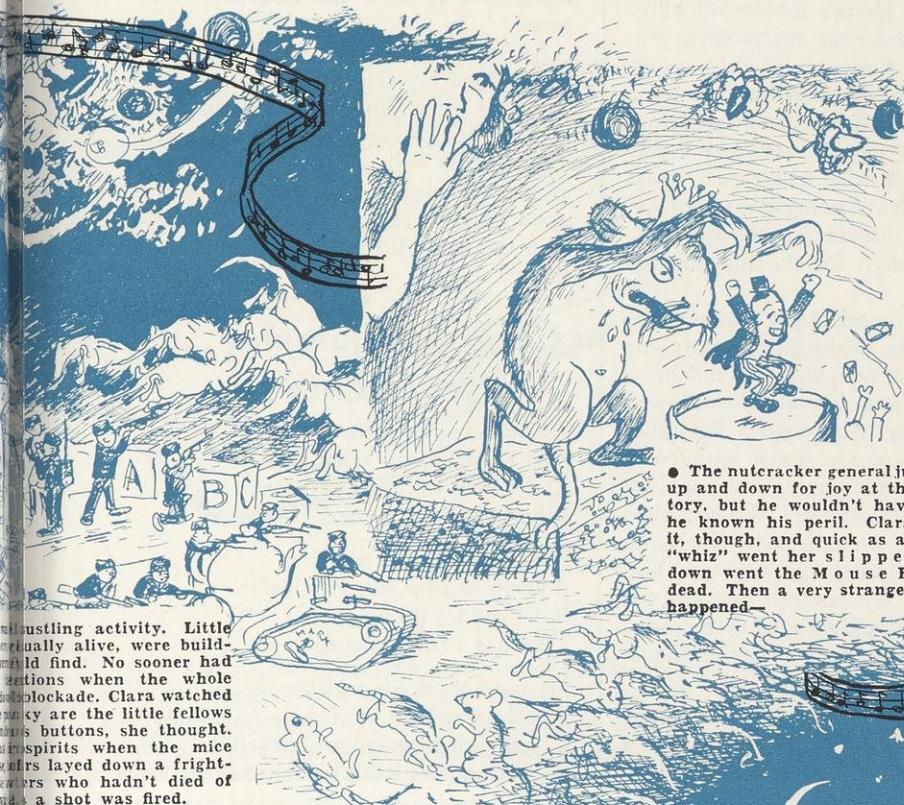
● Suddenly a row of them. Although they were rather small, "foot," smiled the Prince. Farther down the street, a fierce-looking woman. The Prince turned and pointed, "This is my home, the happiest land on earth!"

A hubbub across the street. Clara turned around. Tooting like horns hopped across the street. Clara turned around. Tooting like horns hopped across the street. Clara turned around. Tooting like horns hopped across the street.



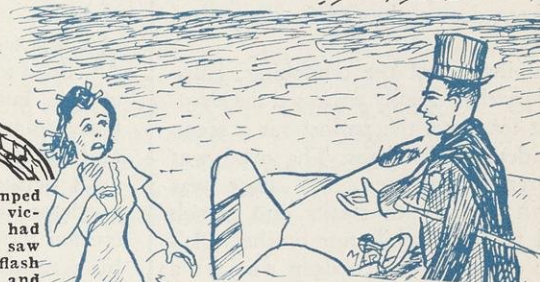
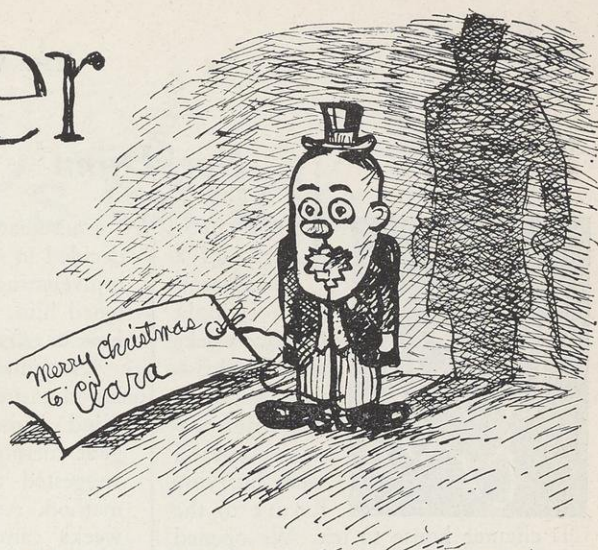
The Nutcracker

On a time a little girl received a very unusual Christmas gift. At first she was disappointed when she opened the package and found a nutcracker. But he was a fellow, this nutcracker, and Clara soon became attached to him. She played with him all day, and when she went to bed, she even kept him beside her on the floor. Of course, she certainly wouldn't have done that if she really didn't like



● The nutcracker general jumped up and down for joy at the victory, but he wouldn't have had he known his peril. Clara saw it, though, and quick as a flash "whiz" went her slipper and down went the Mouse King—dead. Then a very strange thing happened—

... bustling activity. Little Clara was suddenly alive, were build- ings would find. No sooner had Clara watched the whole blockade. Clara watched the little fellows are the little fellows buttons, she thought. spirits when the mice Clara laid down a fright- eners who hadn't died of a shot was fired.



● There, where the nutcracker had been, stood a very handsome young man. Clara took back with a start, but then he smiled. "I, Prince Newman Loomun, am deeply grateful to you, Clara, for saving my life. In appreciation for breaking the spell that shaped me into a silly nutcracker, I shall take you for a visit to my home, Neverneverland." With that he motioned for Clara to get into her brother's toy airplane.



attered in front of like sugar plums appearance. "Hares- tinkled past. istic dancer undu- ack had glared at "You're apt to tel, "they're really

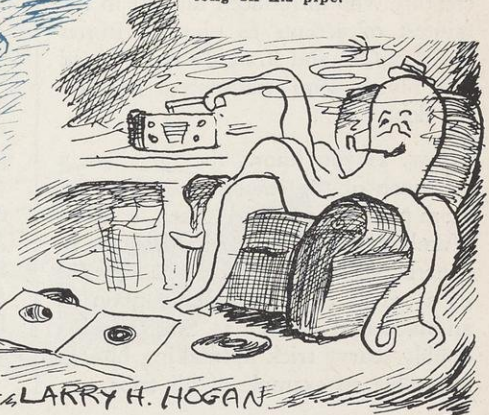
three Chinese were politicians," ex- a lot of hullaba- ows underneath." something quite dif- a row of kazoo- they blew off a lot yk they passed. "I tolerate them, cal newspapers." he took Clara off

● There, beside a cool, blue lake, Clara found herself on a starlit road strewn with flowers. She couldn't help uttering a little cry of joy at the wondrous sight. Then the Prince clasped her hand and they waltzed up the hill with the flowers.



● "Where's my airplane?" screamed little brother from the living room. "Oh, look behind the davenport!" Clara shouted as she sat up and seized her pillow" . . . Then the nutcracker caught her eye, just where she'd left it last night.

Octy sighed, slipped the last disc into the album, and pulled long on his pipe.



LARRY H. HOGAN

Noel Djinn



IT WAS four thirty of a cold December's twilight just two weeks before Christmas vacation, and my roommate and I were hurrying home to the OL chapter house to tea. We opened the front door and raced for the parlor.

But instead of the crunching, gulping fury that usually possessed the chapter at tea time, the parlor was a scene of indescribable chaos. The meal was apparently forgotten. The floor was strewn thick with steaks and french fried potatoes, while our brother OL's were clustered twelve deep about a couch at the far end of the room. Above the babble of excited voices there was occasionally heard the cry of the couch, a Thing obvious—or "Someone get a doctor, quick!"

Worming my way through the mob, I saw lying upon the couch a Thing obviously of the spirit world, and, judging from his livid hue, in very poor health. At that moment the doctor arrived, and after gaining the respectful attention of the chapter, he requested that we leave the room. We did so, and by common consent all those not detailed to boil water gathered in the tap room for refreshment and a meeting.

It seems that just as tea was beginning there had appeared (and there were various theories as to how he got in) an emaciated, undersized creature who introduced himself in the faintest of accents as the Christmas Spirit of OL, and straightway collapsed in a bluish, semi-transparent heap on the floor.

Now, as you know, the OL's are a bunch of the smoothest jockeys on campus whom had taken a Bah-Humbug attitude toward Christmas in general. We felt that Fate had played us a scurvy trick by foisting upon us an undesired Christmas Spirit, and a doubly scurvy trick by making him so miserable an example of his tribe.

Immediate action was necessary. We decided to make the best of our lot by rejuvenating Herby, for so we christened him, and now our problem was how to effect this.

I sat quietly by, following the ensuing discussion with a keen, analytical mind. Finally one of our more intelligent members who had read books suggested the "strength-through joy" method. And thus began the great two-weeks' campaign for the Rehabilitation of Herby.

At first we found Herby somewhat inclined to be moody, melancholy, and morose; but after a few days of Christmas atmosphere his mood mellowed and his strength improved. By judiciously decorating the house with holly, mistletoe, spruce boughs, and tinsel, we created the atmosphere. We cherished his returning strength with Christmas beverages—whiskey egg nogs and buttered rum. We soothed his delicate nerves with Christmas carols played on the phonograph.

At the end of three days of such treatment, Herby was chipper enough to help us trim our tree. By the end of the week he was well enough to accompany us on Christmas shopping tours and caroling parties which we organized for his benefit. He became so substantial that he was nearly opaque again.

After one of our math majors had conclusively proved that Herby's transparency decreased in direct arithmetical ratio to the holiday cheer which we imbibed, all

were filled with a holy sense of duty. Our rallying cry at Fred's became "Another round for Herby!"

As CHRISTMAS vacation came upon us the OL's decided to wind up the campaign in a blaze of glory. We hired an orchestra, bought some beer, wolfed some girls, and threw a magnificent party.

The house was saturated with holiday spirit. Herby had a dandy time. And as we looked at him floating about the room with a wreath of holly about his brow and mistletoe in his button hole, every OL and his brother felt a sense of accomplishment.

No one noticed his departure. His

going was as mysterious as his coming. Our search revealed nothing but a holly wreath and a sprig of mistletoe floating in the punch bowl. We dragged its depths but to no avail. Herby was gone.

As I think of our beloved companion a tear dims my eye. But my tears are not tears of anguish, for I am happy in the anticipation of next Christmas when Herby will return to us—happy in the knowledge that the OL's will again reign on campus as the fraternity with the best Christmas spirit of them all. —P. B.

Christmas Shopping ... How I Love It!

I'm having shopping problems
And I don't know what to do
And if you were in my boots
Why, you'd be puzzled, too.

I want to buy my daddy
A chain and tie pin, matched
But I cannot find a chain
That has a ball attached.

My mommy needs a jacket
But she's rather out of date
Though all they sell are very full
She only wears them straight.

My brother Charley needs a bib
He drools a bit, you see
I simply can't find one that will fit—
He's over six foot three.

A manicuring set, I bet
Would make my sister shout
But she would prob'ly wreck the thing
In filing her way out.

Oh, Sis is in reform school
Just because she ran a still
And my darling brother Charley
Is a bloomin' imbecile.

Oh, Mother's in Mendota
And Pappy's in the pen
It's hard to buy them presents, so
I'll just

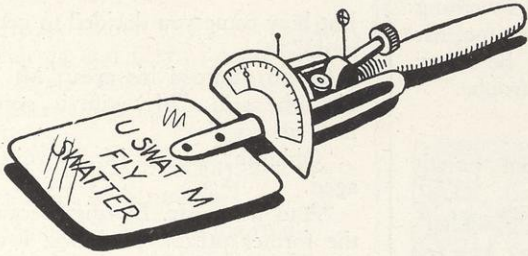
go home
again.

—A. K.



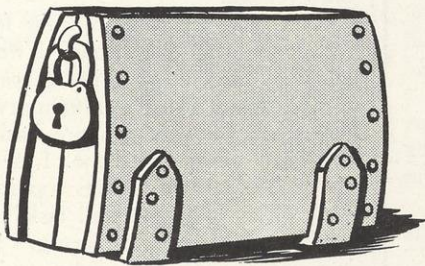
Christmas Buyer's Guide

SINCE function is the keynote in modern design, Octy has made an exhaustive survey of the local restaurants, road houses, fraternities, taverns and even stores to aid its readers in the selection of truly functional Christmas gifts. This rather broad investigation has been narrowed down to the four objects below in order to give the potential buyer particular examples of *good* taste in the selection of gifts for modern Americans . . .



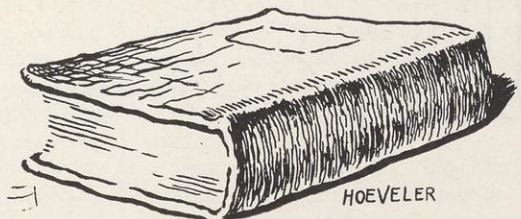
HERE is a really functional design. This little fly-swatter solves one of the greatest problems of our time: that of just how hard to swat; the angle of approach and the velocity of stroke. It comes complete with range-finder, peep-sight, and splash-guard. It also has a handle. What's more, there isn't a better pancake turner on the market. An ideal gift for the modern homemaker

THIS tricky little paperweight is one of the finest designs we've seen in a long time. Its rhythmic lines and very plastic form make it an object which even the least artistic can appreciate. It thrills us to realize that the public is at long last becoming appreciative of fine esthetic balance. By way of proof we quote the words of one Tony Goikovitch, an average connoisseur of creative design who remarked, "Hot damn! Ain't she—(censored by the Dean's office). Gimme a dozen of 'em!"



THIS creation is designed to answer the co-ed's problem of how to store such necessary feminine articles as compacts, bottle openers, crib notes, corkscrews, revolvers, finger nails, eyelashes, stamps, and chewing gum in just one pocketbook. The handbag has ample volume for systematic storage of all these and more. Its rugged construction makes it bullet proof, gas proof, and tamper proof; it represents the ideal handbag for bowery parties, sorority teas, and election riots.

WE HAVE included this object (called a text book) in order to show our readers an example of the worst kind of design. Its distracting quality has probably interfered with more college educations than beer and poker. The text book is layed out with little provision for necessary scratch paper, doodling space, and Petty girls. Instead, the pages are jammed full of funny little letters, the number of which determine an author's royalties. Fortunately, this object is rapidly disappearing, to be replaced by reliable journals like *Esquire*, *Life*, and *Liberty*.



Cicero Gets Married



MR. BJORNIG sat in his office. Before him on the desk, stacked high, were piles of half dollars — the gate receipts of Cicero's evening performance. Cicero, if you don't know it, is the famous fly which, with Mr. Bjornig's kind help, had learned to talk, add, read, swim, and a dozen other seemingly impossible things. The team of Cicero and Bjornig had got off to a bad start due to an unsympathetic audience, but that is another story which has already been written. (You can read this story in the September issue of Octopus which you can obtain by writing the Octy office and enclosing your picture—if you're a boy, also enclose fifteen cents.)

Anyway, as I mentioned someplace, Mr. Bjornig was counting some money when Cicero came in—I don't believe I mentioned this latter. Cicero seemed excited. He could not sit in one place

five minutes which however is not peculiar for a fly, nor could he seem to put much snap into his outside loops which up to this time he had been very good at. Mr. Bjornig noticed Cicero's strange behavior and he decided to comment on it:

"Cicero, you are behaving like someone else's self. What seems to be the trouble. You seem to be excited and nervous. You don't look like you have slept for weeks. Perhaps you need a compound."

Cicero lighted on Bjornig's wrist and stood there shivering and twitching. Finally he spoke. "Promizzzz me, Mr. Bjornig, that you will not be angry, and I will tell you my catastrophe."

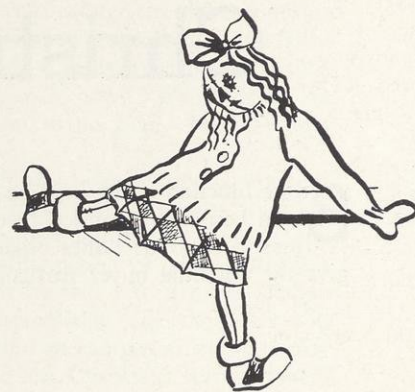
Mr. Bjornig promised.

"Mr. Bjornig, I have been secretly married."

"Married!" shouted Bjornig, "That's wonderful; since when didn't you tell me about this?"

"Since about two weeks—and you're not angry for my transgressionnnnn?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Bjornig in English, "look at the story that'll make.



But how come you decided to get married?"

Cicero dropped his eyes. "Mr. Bjornig," he said, "My wife is going to have an egg."

"Ohhhhh," was all Mr. Bjornig managed.

"And now, Mr. Bjornig, because of the former prezzzz of duties, I would like some five minutes off for my honeymoon." He moved from some of his feet to the others. "And then, I will prezzzz my wife to you."

"Wait one minute, Cicero, although you are understandably in a hurry to fulfill your honeymoon. Where did you meet your wife?"

"I caught her on a cherry pie down by the lunch wagon," said Cicero, edging toward the door.

Bjornig jumped to his feet. An idea had struck him. "Listen, Cicero, can your wife talk, can she swim? See the possibilities there—Mr. and Mrs. Cicero, the talking flies? Why it'll get us into Carnegie Hall. She must have learned to say something in two weeks."

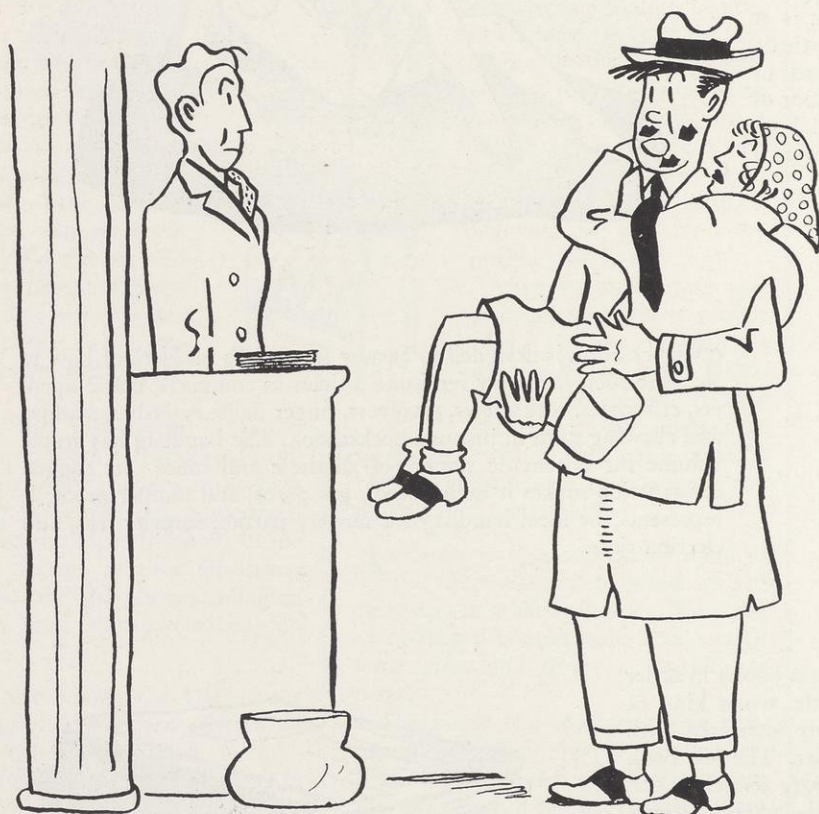
"So far," Cicero said, "She has said only yezzzz."

So Cicero left Mr. Bjornig for his five minute honeymoon. Two days later he returned. Mr. Bjornig was furious. "Cicero, I can not be angry with you easily because you are back, but you have almost killed me. I have had the police of three states looking for you, which is not a small task."

"I am zzzorry, Mr. Bjornig, I juzzzzt lost sight of time. And now, wizzzzzz your permizzzzion, I will present you to my wife."

Cicero whistled shrilly. "It's okay, Maggie." And Maggie Cicero flew daintily into the room.

Mrs. Cicero had not the hard look of girl flies who usually hang around carnivals. She had a bright, gleaming complexion, and her waist was neat, but not grotesquely nipped in as was the style with her sisters under the skin. She was trimly built, her wings a trifle



ART DALLMAN

"Can you tell me where the Marriage and the Family lecture is to be held?"

large, perhaps, but this served to make her even more attractive—in a voluptuous sort of way. She had a clean, well bred look, common to the Junior League sort of female fly. She flew well with a certain interesting swagger, and even Mr. Bjornig could not help but notice her legs. Cicero had made a good catch (you might say).

She lighted next to Cicero on Mr. Bjornig's wrist. "Maggie," said Cicero, "This is Mr. Bjornig, my good friend and benefactor."

"How do you do?" said Mr. Bjornig.

"Yezzzz," said Maggie.

The conversation lagged horribly, Mr. Bjornig and Cicero exchanging views of the European situation, and Mrs. Cicero injecting an occasional misplaced "yezzzz."

"Well," said Cicero finally, and yawning, "I think we'll turn in."

"Goodnight," said Mr. Bjornig.

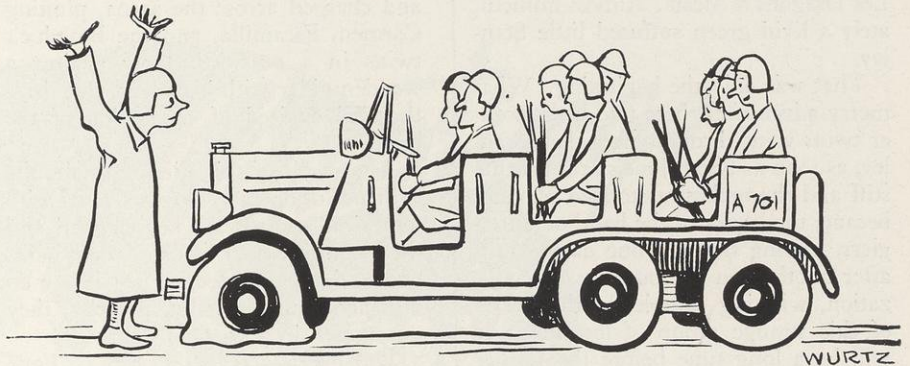
"Goodnight," said Cicero.

"Yezzzz," said Mrs. Cicero.

"Muy Interesante," said Mr. Bjornig in a foreign language I flunked three times. This means: "Is that a fact?" or "T'hell you say."

And so it was. Mrs. Cicero was beautiful but dumb which was what Cicero wanted, and Cicero's speech improved even more which was what Mr. Bjornig wanted. Cicero had learned to play chess and he gave several exhibitions for the benefit of the Union of Flies, which was a society Cicero had founded to lobby for the extinction of fly papers. Once Cicero gave a lobby filibuster which lasted for three days and which made Mrs. Cicero and Mr. Bjornig mad because he would ruin his health. Cicero spent two weeks' salary on cigars the day that the newspapers carried this headline:

MRS. CICERO GIVES BIRTH TO QUADRILLIONETS



"What are you waiting for — Christmas?"

The Bother Twins at the Opera



made a nasty face.

"Oh, what a beautiful view," said Sarah Jane, sniffing.

"Yes, isn't it? On a clear day you can see La Gioconda," said Mrs. Bother, thinking how lucky she had been to snap up this box for the season, completely furnished as it was with a set of Chinese checkers.

"Now, Sarah Jane, you'll take care of Stanley like a good girl, won't you?" she continued. Sarah Jane, who was generally considered the older of the lovable Bother twins because she was born three years earlier than Stanley, nodded happily, proud of the responsibility placed on her young shoulders. Little Stanley scowled.

"And when it's all over you come right home and tell Daddy and me all about it," added Mrs. Bother, beaming on her two offspring with pride.

"Oh boy," muttered little Stanley, showing all his teeth.

"I'm sure you'll enjoy the music, Stanley," she said.

"I will not," said Stanley stoutly. "I'm allergic to music."

"Oh, you aren't either," returned Mother Bother, affectionately patting him on the head with her knuckles.

Mrs. Bother slipped out then and went home, and Stanley and Sarah Jane began appreciating the opera. Carmen came out on the stage in a mantilla and sang an aria called Allegretto. Stanley stamped his feet and hooted

RS. BOTHER led Stanley and Sarah Jane into the box, saying, "Here we are. Now you sit and enjoy the opera." Little Stanley

and whistled, finally caught her eye, and winked archly. Carmen blushed slightly, but she tossed him a blood-red rose, which he caught deftly between his teeth.

"Aha, now I have you alone," said Don Jose, coming out on the stage from the wings, "Escamillo, the famed toreador, is in the mountains, smuggling."

Carmen looked crushed so little Stanley descended towards the stage, leaping down like Booth.

Don Jose, tossing aside his role which bounced once or twice and then quietly subsided in a corner, directly made for little Stanley, whittling the air in front of his nose with a wicked knife. But just then Escamillo came in and plunged into the gray, and he and Don Jose had a jolly time of it, banging and clashing their swords together until Escamillo enthusiastically dug his blade into Don Jose's short ribs.

Little Sarah Jane, grimly resolved to take care of her twin brother at any cost, then tiptoed up behind the stricken Don Jose and bit him in the ankle.

He sank to the stage, clasping his ankle from which bubbled pale green froth, after which Don Jose promptly turned black, and bloated up like a dirigible. Later, in the excitement that followed, he floated up with quiet dignity through a skylight and into space, where he remains as a landmark to this very day.

Sarah Jane looked about for Stanley and finally saw him, a gleam in his eye, at the far end of the stage across a table from Carmen, who was breathing hard and maneuvering back and forth for time.

Sensing immediately that Duty lay before her, Sarah Jane seized the conductor's baton and led the orchestra in

Les Dragons d'Alcala. Almost immediately a livid green suffused little Stanley.

That was only the beginning. What merry adventures these two little Bother twins went through after that. Stanley, as soon as Sarah Jane's arm became stiff and the orchestra stopped playing, became the leader of the band of smugglers, leading them in one daring raid after another on the outposts of civilization, winning completely the hearts of this strange group of lost men. It will be a long time before the Bother twins forget what fun they had that thrilling night when Stanley led his band of Spanish half-breed cut-throats out through the stage door, down through the alley, and down to the First National Bank, where they blew up the safe. So successful and melodramatic was little Stanley's performance that the audience applauded vigorously, and he took seven bows as he backed out of the bank lobby, laden down with well-deserved gold.

Life was just one great big adventure after another for them until the bullfight. Escamillo, the bullfighter, was polishing off the bull with finesse and dispatch when Carmen sprinted into the arena, little Stanley in hot pursuit. And little Sarah Jane, intent upon looking out for her twin brother, poked herself into this mess also. The bull with a bitter snort of disgust pawed the earth

and charged across the arena, pinning Carmen, Escamillo, and the Bother twins in a neat little row against a wooden pillar with his horns. But there the bull expired of concussion of the brain.

As a result of this stirring finale, the audience of opera lovers went wild with hysterical applause. They clapped and they stomped their feet and they whistled and they hooted. They began to mill about until finally, panicky, they ran amuck in a horrible stampede.

The opera was a success. Four WCTU members were irreparably mangled and a Chinese woman with yellow fever was finally peeled off the floor in the form of \$17 worth of gold leaf. And a claim adjuster from an insurance company charged that another woman had lost her life, but an usher later found it under her seat just where she had carelessly dropped it in the excitement. And a middle-aged banker was so badly killed that the doctors didn't give him a chance in a hundred to pull through.

It must have been hours later when the janitor cleaned up the stage. After taking one look at the Bother twins, he threw them away.

So finally Stanley and Sarah Jane picked themselves up in the alley and decided to race each other home to tell Mother and Daddy all about their adventure.

The Apology

I HAVE called you a "little man."
It is a harsh term, I know it.
But do not take my word this much to heart.
The one who said that after all
Is but a little man himself,
A little man, although conceit prevents
His saying this with fervor in his voice.

—C. W.



State Street Sadie



TATE Street Sadie could hardly remember her real name. It had been so long ago, centuries, it seemed, since anyone

had addressed her as Angeline.

Things had gone from bad to worse. Angeline's parents had both died when she was very young. She had been brought up in a family that had no use for step-children. She had stood it as long as she could—and then she had left the farm.

She stood in the shadows, her eyes moist. She thought of those horrible first weeks in the city; the days without food, the awful propositions she had had from total strangers and, finally, the nights she had spent sleeping wherever she could find a place to lie down. And then this last!

A man was approaching. Angeline shivered a little, obviously because she was ashamed of herself. She left the shadows and stood under the street light. She debated with herself—should she? Then with a shrug of resignation she made up her mind. The man was near her now and she tried her best to smile at him, but she couldn't. He walked past. She thought of the river. Then she heard footsteps—another man. She tried to look as clean and fresh as she possibly could. She didn't know if she should cry or be happy when the man stopped. He bent over: "Say, you're quite a pooch. The kids'll be tickled pink if I bring you home." The man was very nice. Angeline was happy.

—P.P.



... and Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas holiday to the Octy staffs and all their friends. (They have no enemies) ...

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For Quick Reference

As any upperclassman knows, professors classify students at first sight, and if one spots you as Type Q (beery, brainless, extrovert politician,) you'll never make Phi Beta Kappa on your grades from his courses.

Such rule-of-thumb classification, like type-casting, is convenient and easily as valid as Stanford-Binet.

Professors can be just as quickly and finally categorized. You've likely pigeon-holed the Simon Legrees, the sub-Berle wits, the Frenzied Fidgeters, the Shakespeare Ghouls, the Half-Conscious Pedants.

To these we'd like to add a few other prevalent types:

I. THE DREARY DRONER—He pads quietly into the lecture room and has been talking inaudibly for ten minutes before anyone stops reading the Cardinal. Thirteen years of lecturing on Personal Management have made him weary, and he no longer punctuates with pauses, periods, or voice-inflections. His lecture is one long somniferous sentence, producing the same result as the humming of bees after a heavy lunch on a hot August day when you didn't get to bed the night before.

II. THE DISCIPLINARIAN—A rugged Prussian type. He demands absolute attention, soars into a high rage when a book gets dropped, or your girlfriend uses her powder-puff. He's the man who gives grades of C+++. If over half the class passes his course, he revises it completely. Position means nothing to this brute in instructor-flesh. He gloats upon having flunked two sons of senators, a governor's nephew, and a third cousin of Woodrow Wilson.

III. THE RAKE—Flashily-dressed, baggy-eyed, this boy manages to be AWOL at least once a week. Twice he's been seen in the Cuba Club with a coed who'd make TroubleShooter copy. He doesn't bother with roll calls, papers, or examinations. Next meeting the Board of Regents will get him.

IV. THE BABBITT-BABBITT—This creature creeps into class on little cat-feet, is delicate of word, wears suits in dusty-pastels. His eyes have a divine light when he talks about Irving Babbitt and the literary humanists; and he can't abide student papers containing four-letter words.

V. THE CRINGING PEDANT—He's got 14 classes, a wife, two children, \$70 a month, and a brand new M.A. For convenience he keeps his library stack-card in an outside pocket, and spends his evenings curled over THE

A MERRY CHRISTMAS



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but he's out of the dog house now!



"OUT YOU GO, PETER! I won't marry a human smoke-screen! Where'd you get that tobacco anyway—in a fire sale? Snap out of it! Switch to a mild and fragrant blend."



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VI. THE SCOFFER—He's brilliantly, acidly against everything. He can roast Shakespeare in two syllables, and a student in one. In class he's tougher than a couple of rhinos; in his cups he becomes limpidly lyrical about golden-haired Maisie who lived on the next farm back in Nebraska.

VII. THE "I'M FROM THE CONTINENT"—A highly-polished glass diamond, he's bored to death with it all—the stupidity of students, the frivolity of Americans, the ignorance of his colleagues. He has an accent, and languages, and the view that domestic universities are adult kindergartens. Caught off guard he looks like the self-conscious refugee he is.

—J. S.

STUDENT HEADQUARTERS

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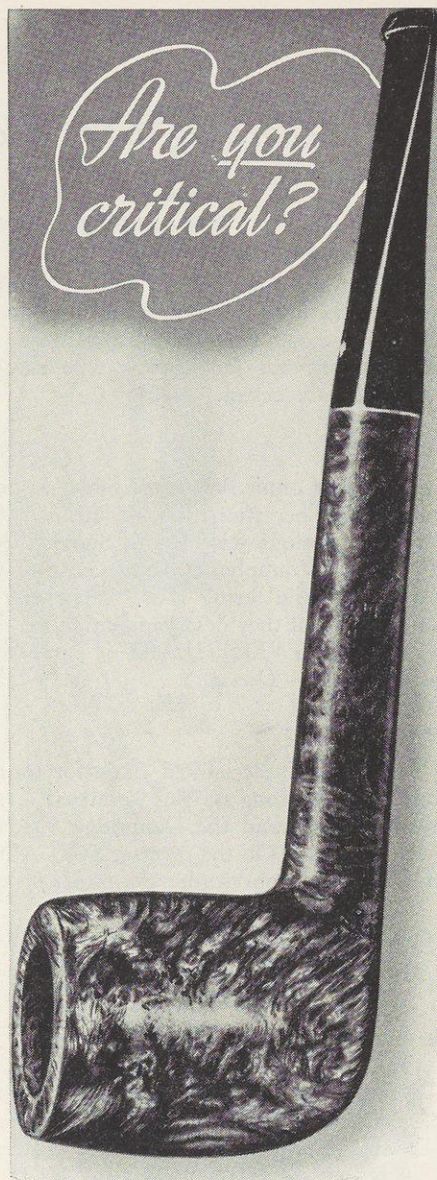
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According to the Records

The Popular

THE BAD HUMOR MAN

Here's a well-done novelty number that you'll really enjoy. It's from the show "You'll Find Out" and gallops along at a merry rate. I'VE GOT A ONE TRACK MIND is just ordinary, but not Jane Essex, who sings it with Claude Thornhill's Orchestra. *Okeh*

DINAH

If you like Connie Boswell—and we assure you we do—you will worship her after this one. It's a new idea in *Boswellism*, for she sings with Frank Signorelli; Piano, Chauncey Morehouse; Vibraphone, Tony Gottuso; Guitar, and Haig Stephens on the String Bass. Whoever these guys are we don't know but they deserve mention for their flip rendition. NOBODY'S SWEETHEART is on the other side, —need we say more?. *Decca*

RED WAGON

We've already acclaimed Basic for tops on this one, but you can't go wrong on this vocalized arrangement by Jimmie Lunceford and the Danbridge Sisters. We ragged all over the carpet. On the reverse, YOU AIN'T NOWHERE, and neither is Lunceford. *Columbia Jazz Masterwork*

GOODNIGHT AGAIN

Al Kavelin cascades through this one in excellent style.

Very pretty. We predict you'll be singing it over and over before long just as Bill Darnell does. On the backside DO YOU HEAR WHAT I HEAR! If you do and feel the same way as we do about it you'll say it's awright. *Okeh*

DOWN ARGENTINE WAY

Decca's recording, done by Pancho in the authentic manner, intrigues us. It keeps us fresh and primp. The old favorite ALLA EN EL RANCHO GRANDE is done vigorously on the reverse.

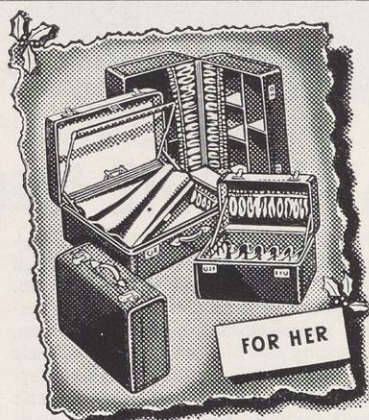
Eddy Duchin's arrangement of DOWN ARGENTINE WAY is the sophisticated treatment of the hit from the show of the same name. Very danceable. The title of the reverse selection is sufficient—TWO DREAMS MET. *Columbia*

BURNING THE MIDNIGHT OIL

Al Donahue really carries the mail on this, his own, composition. We jumped up and down. THE BLUE JUMP is a good enough "B" side. On another disc TOO MUCH LOVE and ACCIDENTALLY ON PURPOSE, sung by Dee Keating with the same Mr. Donahue is sober, lyrical and sweet . . . if you like it that way, okay. *Okeh??*

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO YOU?

Here is a damn good Woody Herman product with quality and a little boogey. We enjoyed it immensely and its disc-mate DREAM VALLEY (—we wanted to learn the words). *Decca*



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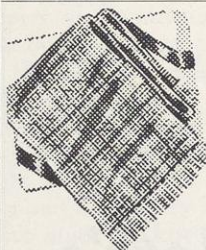
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—PROF. SELIG PERLMAN

"I was amused by your clever review . . ."

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Octy subscription for the rest of the year is only 60¢



There he was, swimming in the cold water, battling heroically against the waves. "Just a half mile more," he thought, "and I'll make the shore." His strokes were getting weaker. He could hardly lift an arm anymore. The beach was only a few yards away. His last efforts were too much. He began to grow dizzy. Then his head began to swim and carried him to the shore.

—Log.

"The modern girl is nothing but an animated doll," declares a modern novelist. He must admit, however, that she does not call "Mamma" when she is squeezed.

—Log.

She might later, though.

—Jack-o'-Lantern.

How much later?

—Lampoon.

This is getting good.

—Tiger.

This is getting dirty.

—Record.

This is getting boring.

—Penn State Froth.

We'll string along with Froth.

The landlady brought in some exceedingly thin slices of bread.

Said one boarder, "Who cut these?"

"I cut them," returned the landlady coldly.

"O.K.," said the boarder, "I'll shuffle and deal."

—Spectator.

Webster says that taut means tight. I guess I got taut a lot in college after all.

—Aggrievator.

I would like some alligator shoes.
What size shoes does your alligator wear?

—Jester

Lady in furniture store: "I can't make up my mind whether to buy that divan or that armchair."

Salesman: "You can't make a mistake on a nice comfortable armchair."

Lady: "O. K., I'll take the divan."

—Medley

A sensible girl is not so sensible as she looks because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible.—Purple Parrot

All of which sounds sensible, seems sensible, but in reality is damn serious.—Banter

What we want to know is: Does it make sense to a sensible girl?—Octy

An enemy, I know, to all
Is wicked, wicked alcohol.
The good Book tho, commanded me
To learn to love mine enemy.

—Pelican

Some pumpkins are green
I am green
Therefore I am some pumpkins.

—Jacko

For an Apple-and-Cider Atmosphere

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B. 7100

A Major Tragedy on Langdon Street—'cause
He Won't Get Home in Time to Eat!
... and he'll miss his glass of MILK!

But here's a tip. Not only at the house
but at your favorite restaurant or soda
fountain you can enjoy the rich flavor,
quick pick-up from a glass of Kennedy-
Mansfield milk.

Kennedy-Mansfield Dairy

"A Gay Christmas"

The Flame

First She—Oh, Gilbert has the most powerful pair of binoculars!

Second She—Good; I dearly love these strong, virile men.

—Exchange.

Drunk in telephone booth: "Number, hell, I want my peanuts!"

"He and his gang were sent to prison for life—the limit in Wisconsin," according to Col. Norman Schwartzkopf on *Gang Busters*.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid? Why do you pass me by?"

"I'm on my way to gymnathic thchool," she lisped as she heaved a thigh.

—Caveman

Dr.: I'd like to have a quart of blood for transfusion. Can you give it?

Stude: I can only give you a pint. I gotta shave tomorrow.

—Urchin

Cow (looking at silo): "I wonder if my fodder is in dere?"

LAWRENCE'S Restaurant

662 STATE ST.

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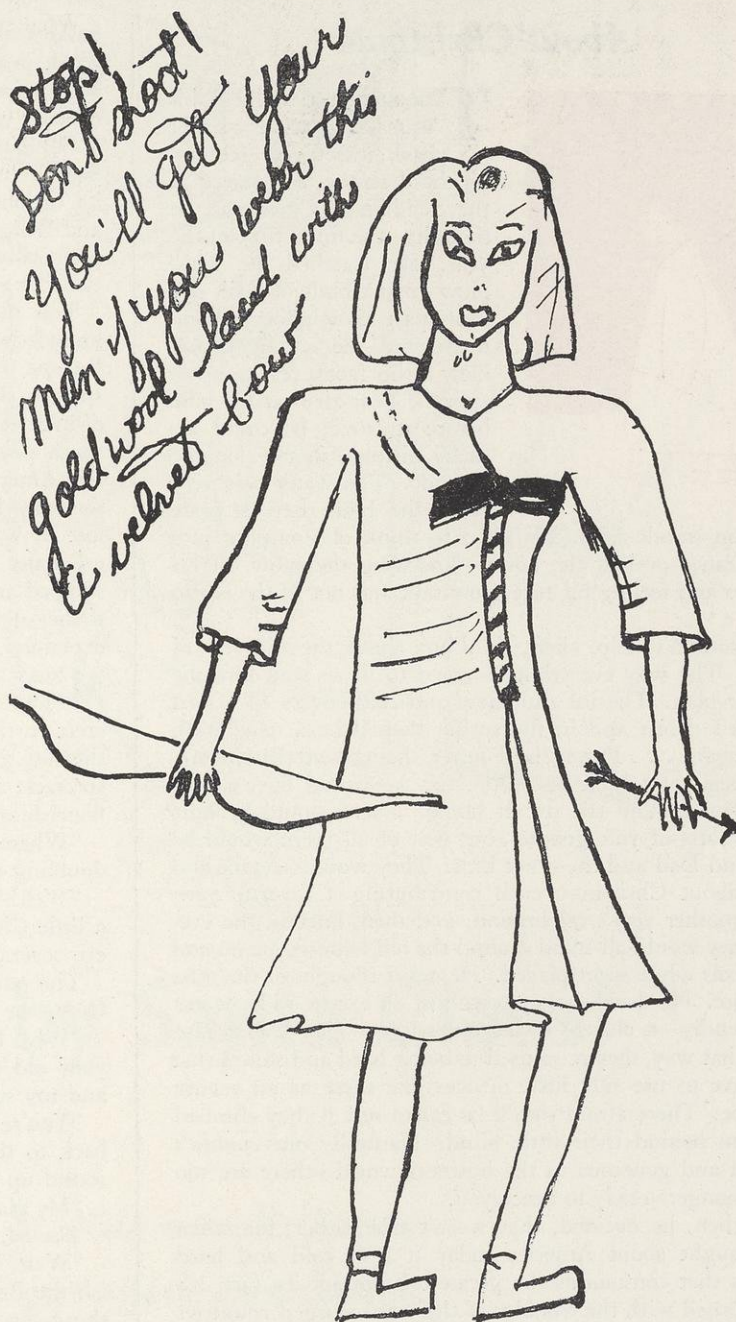
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We shall continue to serve
the same good food



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'42

Baron's

IN THE EDITOR'S BROWN STUDY

About Christmas



B.

THE EDITOR pushed his squeaking swivel chair back, threw his feet up on the desk top, and stared at the ceiling. Christmas, he thought—the finest time of the year. He watched the wind blow great clouds of cold, dry snow past his window and remembered the icy blast that blew in his face a few minutes ago, the clear air over the lake before it froze; he could actually distinguish trees on the far side. The water was very blue—the blue they decorate

ice-cream stands with. He liked to think of stomping into the entrance over at the house—knocking the snow off his galoshes and feeling his face grow taut and hot in the warm air.

He couldn't help, then, thinking about the marvels of nature. The way everything seemed to fit so well into the singular plan. The ice and snow and cold covers all of last summer's debris and in the spring there'll be a new, fresh world again . . . Funny he'd never thought of that before.

He began to think of all the fun he would have a few more days around the fire at home. There would be nuts and all sorts of yule goodies, but best of all there would be Mom and Dad and the other kids. They would all talk and laugh about Christmas, each contributing a favorite yarn about another year's celebration; and then, later in the evening, they would all stand around the old battered piano and sing carols while sister played. He never thought of the gifts any more. He decided they were just an excuse to be warm and friendly—a chance to let yourself get soft. People are funny that way, they're so used to being hard and stoical that they have to use silly little devices like these as an excuse not to be. There afraid they'll be called soft if they climbed out from behind their little blind. Naturally one *couldn't* be good and generous in the business world—there are too many mongers ready to fleece you.

But then, he decided, that wasn't true either, for when you thought about America today it isn't cold and hard business that commands the greatest attention. In fact, it's so concerned with the troubles of the war-scourged countries and the refugees that it's forgotten all about the muck-raking it used to do right here and goes around singing "God Bless America," instead. He decided there was just as much corruption afoot now as ever, but still it showed that people are still essentially human, and that, he thought, proved his point.

HE REMEMBERED walking up State Street that afternoon. He liked to watch the people looking in windows and speculating; the kids running by and stopping abruptly at the more interesting displays. He looked up and saw the red and green lights swaying ever so slightly between the holly adorned poles.

What is this Christmas season for? He winced when he thought about the people who said it was just a chance for the business men to give their stock a good cleaning. It wasn't that at all. And to prove it there were those decorations, the dandy community pageants they provided, and the

baskets for the less fortunate. That's what it meant—a season when people really had to think about others—they would have to realize that the only real happiness in life comes of making others happy.

Fundamentally, he reckoned, everything works that way. Science improves living conditions by acquainting man with its various elements; Art enriches lives, and so does Music and Religion—the engineers, medics and lawyers and—well, practically everything. He'd never given that much thought either.

Too many people have forgotten the real purpose of knowledge though—look what they're doing with it in Europe. Damn the war, he muttered, it's the only sore spot on the whole business—he was trying to forget it. He didn't want to think about patriotism all the time. Too many people are doing that these days. Still, he thought he felt America not long ago, coming through Pittsburgh, on the way home from the Columbia game. His party had lost its way in the labyrinth of streets and had stopped to calculate. The big Greyhound that had been behind them stopped and the driver, having come over to their car, asked if they were looking for highway 30. Unhurried, the driver explained the way and then jumped back into his bus.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!" piped a thin squeaky voice.

The editor's feet slipped off the desktop. He snapped erect in the swivel chair. There, peeking out from behind the old tin filing case, stood the Octopus. He was a gay spectacle adorned in his red and white Santa Claus suit and flourishing his tasseled cap.

"Where did you find that old suit?" cried the editor doubling up in gleeful laughter.

"Well!—a fine way to act when I'm just trying to generate a little Christmas spirit!" The Octopus blinked a glistening eye several times.

The editor managed to cut his guffaw short. "I'm sorry, Octy," he said, "Merry Christmas."

"Why I know a lot of people who wouldn't even read your old magazine in December without a picture of me and my suit in it."

"You're right, by ginger," said the editor, "but getting back to the Christmas spirit idea—what do you say if we round up the staff and sing a few carols?"

"My plan exactly," replied the Octopus.

The editor reached for his hat.

"Wait," interrupted the Octopus, "hadn't you better finish the Brown Study first? . . . Remember there was something special this month."

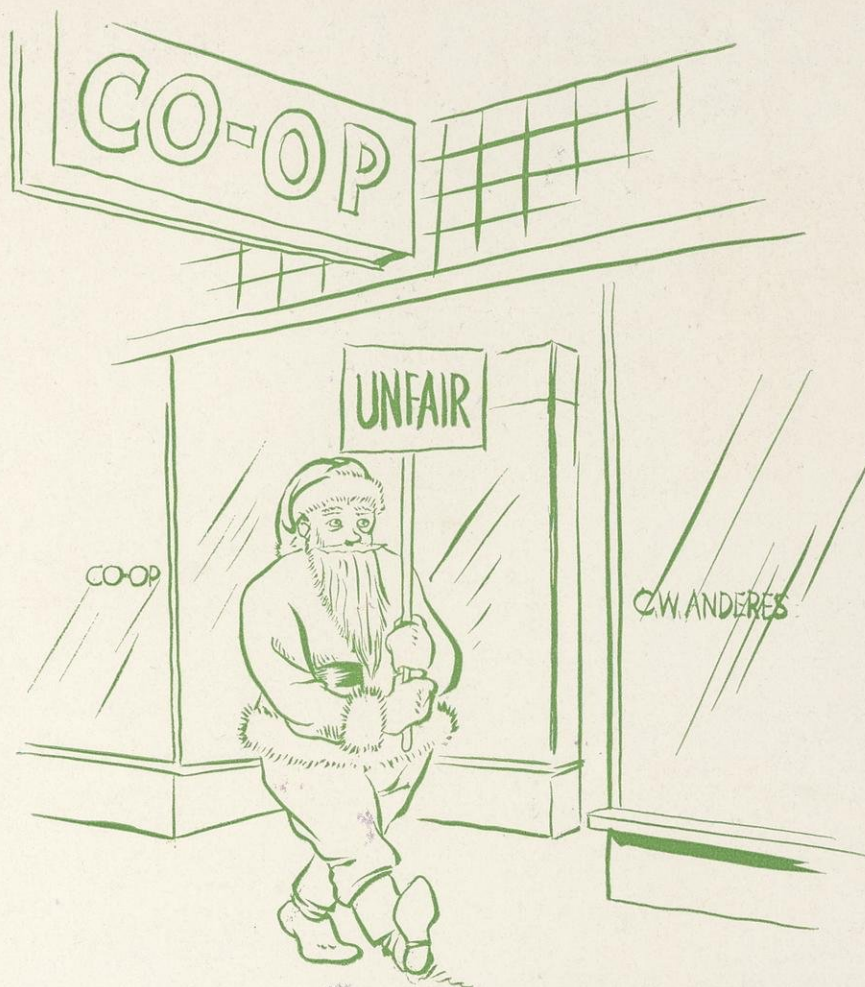
"True enough," said the editor. He clapped his porkpie onto his head and sat down at the typewriter.

He wrote:

Santa Octyclus has three handsome presents in his bag. Each is a neatly rolled parchment—hand engraved and illuminated in a musty wine cellar—tied with a bright red silk ribbon. They certify that mysterious Basil "Stoop" Busacca, dark-eyed, exotic Irene Trepel, and potential Badger Beauty Joan Withington, have all three been appointed to the board of editors. The harness maker is fashioning three brand new alligator saddles out of genuine English saddle leather—the kind that squeaks. Both Miss Trepel and Miss Withington will also get a long, hand embroidered, streamer to wear on their respective arms to signify that they are the first girls to be appointed to the board this year.

Congratulations to all three of you, and . . . MERRY CHRISTMAS!

—R. W.



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*We think St. Nick is really happy
about our gift offers, even though
he can't find gifts to compare . . .
Come in and let us prove it to you.*

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